

friendship had commenced at school, and was one of the rare instances in which these youthful alliances outlive the days of boyhood. Bushe had at the time interested his friend in the lad he had seen at Lord Altham's funeral, and Dawkins had that morning heard, from his father, particulars which had recalled the affair to his memory, and was now communicating them—the reader may best gather them from the conversation of the Students.

"My father," continued Dawkins, "thinks all is not right in Lord Altham's title—'tis currently reported that his brother had a son by his marriage with Miss Sheffield; this lady, strange to say, is thought to be alive, though hitherto all endeavors to trace the place of her residence have proved abortive. After her separation from her husband, she lived in this city, for two years, in the house of a gentleman named King, and afterwards went to England, and thence on the Continent. My father observed the boy at the funeral, which he attended officially, and at the time thought he might be the heir, but he turns out to be a son indeed of Lord Altham's, but not by his lady."

"What then has become of him, do you know? I should greatly like to see him again. I have rarely seen a boy with whom I was so much struck—the poor fellow's grief then is accounted for—I took him for a son of the servants with whom he was—does your father know what has become of him?"

"You are too much given to putting a number of questions in a string—it may answer to mystify a witness under cross-examination, but is a bad way to lead one of your own; but truly, friend Bushe, your conjecture was correct, as it seems in part, at least, as the woman was, I believe, his mother, who afterwards married a groom or coachman of his Lordship's.—The man is retained by the present Peer, and your young friend is living with his mother. Lord Altham is latterly very pressing in his claim to be enrolled, as the Session approaches, and, as the title is not disputed, my father has consented. I know his Lordship a little, and if we are to put any faith in Physiognomy, his does not say much for its owner,—there is a mixture of hauteur and nervous uneasiness in his manner which I always distrust. I think him guilty, 'pon honor, and strongly fancy that his brother *did* leave a son, and that he knows it."

"Why, if it be so, it must out at some time—surely, at this time of day, the heir of a Peer of the realm cannot be spirited away."

"I don't know! I don't know that! It may be prejudice, but I think the man capable of attempting anything,—'tis a worse world than you fancy it, Bushe."

"But how was it that if Lord Altham had a son, it was not a well known fact? One would think that in a country neighborhood such an event would make a noise."